Fallen

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by rosiex

Summary

Follow up to the first Vmin part. This follows what has been happening with Vmin since we last checked in.

Get ready for some fluff.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The door closes quietly behind Taehyung but the soft click seems to echo loudly in the room. He stands awkwardly in front of Jimin, his fingers locking and unlocking anxiously. Jimin hovers just as nervously, worried about what on earth Taehyung wants to talk to him about. He's filled with a mild dread; has he figured out the reason for Jimin's weird behaviour? Has he realised how much of an idiot that Jimin's been, falling for his best friend?

"What did you want to talk about?" Jimin asks, trying to make his voice as airy and casual as possible. He's not entirely sure it works.

"Um, sit down," Taehyung tells him, motioning towards the couch.

Jimin does so, Taehyung moving to sit down next to him. Jimin looks down at his hands resting in his lap. He hears Taehyung wet his lips, apparently needing to gear himself up a little before he speaks. Eventually he takes a deep breath, ready to speak.

"Kook and Yoongi. It's nice, isn't it."

Jimin blinks a few times, not quite expecting that as the topic of conversation. He clears his throat a little.

"Yeah, I guess so," Jimin shrugs loosely. "They seem happy."

"Yeah, yeah," Taehyung agrees somewhat distractedly, as though already fed up of the topic he brought up. He fiddles with the seam of his jeans, picking at a loose thread. Jimin has to look away, becoming far too entranced by the movement of Taehyung's elegant fingers, remembering how they used to feel trailing over his skin. He begins to wonder if the conversation is already over but then Taehyung's suddenly speaking again. "They- they seem brighter somehow, don't they. Being together. I've never seen hyung like this."

"I-I suppose," Jimin agrees, unsure still as to where this is going.

He glances up at Taehyung but his gaze is fixed down on his fingers. He sees Taehyung swallow thickly.

"I used to feel brighter too," he says, so softly that Jimin barely catches it.

Jimin's stomach lurches unpleasantly at his words, following straight on from the mention of the eldest. Does he mean with Yoongi, before Jimin first crashed their get together? The thought makes him feel

hot, a burning sensation in his throat like he wants to heave. It seems utterly ridiculous but- god, is that what Taehyung wants to talk to him about?

“With Yoongi?” Jimin asks cautiously, hating the way his voice catches as he does so.

Taehyung’s eyes widen and his head snaps round to face Jimin, looking startled and there’s almost an edge of anger in there. His features harden a little and Jimin feels incredibly on edge. It’s so rare for Taehyung to have any trace of rage in him that it scares Jimin to see it.

“Yoongi?” Taehyung says, voice full of disbelief and thinly concealed upset. “*Yoongi*? No, with *you* you idiot.”

Jimin gapes at his words. With him? Jimin knows that Taehyung definitely made him feel that way; like there was a glow to everything, like even the bad things weren’t quite so awful when he was around. It seemed liked some terrible cliche from a movie but well, it was true. The thought that he could have made Taehyung feel like that too – it just seems unreal. He can’t mean it in the same way. Taehyung covers his face with his hands and it’s only now that Jimin notices how much they’re trembling.

“I knew this was a bad idea,” Taehyung mutters, and it seems he’s talking to himself. “I should never have let them talk me into this.”

He uncovers his face and tries to steady the shakiness in his voice when he speaks again. “I’m sorry, Jimin, ignore me - just having a weird moment,” he explains.

He goes to stand up but Jimin’s so confused that he can’t let him go. He reaches out and instinctively grabs Taehyung’s hand. Taehyung instantly looks down at their combined hands, Jimin’s smaller one clasped around his own, and it’s almost comical the way it makes him freeze. Well, it would be if it didn’t make Jimin feel so unbearably sad. Jimin tugs him to sit back down. He can feel Taehyung’s hand fully trembling in his own and Jimin’s mind is a mess.

“Please speak to me,” Jimin says, hating the way that Taehyung’s acting, so clearly anxious and upset.

“What did I do, Jimin?” Taehyung asks, and his voice sounds so terribly dejected that it makes Jimin feel like he’s been punched in the gut. “I feel like you can barely stand to be in the same room as me

nowadays. I don't understand."

Taehyung's voice falters and his eyes are shining, tears waiting to be shed. Jimin feels terrible. He was meant to be trying to *save* their friendship by backing off, attempting to let his feelings settle down in order not to wreck what they had before all this started. It seems like he's managed to do that anyway. Shit. Why can't he ever get things right.

"I'm so sorry, Tae," Jimin tells him honestly, wishing that some of his regret could somehow stop the first tear, then the second that starts to fall down Taehyung's cheek. Jimin gets an overwhelming urge to comfort him and he gives into it, wrapping his arms around the younger. It surprises him slightly how eagerly Taehyung hugs him back, how tightly he clings onto the back of his shirt. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad."

"Then what *did* you mean?" Taehyung asks, the question muffled by the way he's pressed into Jimin's shoulder.

Jimin struggles to answer. It's not like he can say why he's been so distant - he can't exactly blurt out that he thought he might be falling in love with Taehyung and tried to back out before it became too much. Their friendship already seems shaky right now and that admittance may well just bring it crashing down around them. Jimin's silence hangs heavily over them. It doesn't deter Taehyung through.

"Please just tell me why. I don't care what it is. I just need to know what I did."

"You didn't do anything," Jimin assures him, holding him closer.

"I must have," Taehyung whispers, sounding so weak and upset that it makes Jimin ache painfully.

He can't bear it. Can't bear Taehyung blaming himself for Jimin's stupid mistake. It's not right. It makes his words slip out unfiltered before he can stop them.

"I just had to get some distance from you."

He feels Taehyung tense up at his admission, Jimin's own shoulders tightening in fear from what he's just said. Taehyung doesn't say anything straight away and all Jimin can hear is both of their breathing, coming out shaky. He can feel the dampness on his collarbone where Taehyung's tears have dropped. Finally Taehyung

pulls back slightly so that he can look at Jimin. It's hard for Jimin to meet his gaze but he tries to, despite the way that staring into those watery irises makes him feel.

"I don't get it," Taehyung murmurs. A stray tear balances on his cheekbone and Jimin has to try his hardest to not reach out and wipe it away. "Why would you want that unless I'd done-?"

"You've not done anything, I promise" Jimin tells him again. "It's all me. I'm so sorry for avoiding you, for upsetting you, I've just- needed to clear my head a bit or something." He pauses and exhales, slowly. "You're my friend. My best friend. I shouldn't have treated you that way."

God, has he really fucked this up? He's been trying so hard to keep his distance emotionally from Taehyung without it affecting things – he had no idea that it had been so obvious, that it had upset the other so much. He feels awful.

"Friend," Taehyung repeats, looking down. Jimin can see the way that he swallows thickly, the bob of his throat as he does so. "Is that really all I am to you?"

Jimin feels like his heart stops yet at the same time he can almost hear it hammering loudly inside his chest. Does Taehyung know that Jimin has feelings for him more than he should? The fear much be evident in his eyes because Taehyung now looks at him with a new curiosity. Jimin shifts uncomfortably under his gaze. Jimin wishes that his cheeks wouldn't flush, that his breath wouldn't tremble so much. He feels like he's giving himself away. Taehyung's brow furrows just slightly as he watches Jimin and Jimin fears that he sees something like realisation flicker momentarily in Taehyung's eyes.

"You mean more than a friend to me, Jimin," Taehyung whispers. "A lot more."

For a moment Jimin can't quite take in what Taehyung's just said. He just stares at him blankly. Taehyung looks back and god, how can he be so fucking beautiful, even with tear stained cheeks and his forehead creased into a faint frown. Jimin aches for him so intensely. Aches to lean forward to feel his lips against his own. And he can't help but do so.

It's a soft brush of his lips against Taehyung's but it's more than he ever could have hoped to feel again. Jimin memorises every detail, every second; how soft they feel against him, the way Taehyung adds

a little more pressure. He feels dizzy from the slightest touch, from the words that Taehyung just spoke. That Jimin means more than a friend to him.

“Please say I mean more to you too,” Taehyung breathes against him, sounding almost desperate. “Please."

“Fuck, of course you do,” Jimin tells him, words falling past his lips before he can really comprehend what he’s saying.

He doesn’t have much time to think about it though before Taehyung’s swallowing them up in a deeper kiss. His tongue darts out and Jimin opens his mouth willingly for him, Taehyung’s tongue slipping easily inside. Jimin feels long fingers graze against his jaw as Taehyung cups his face, his own fingers curling around the nape of Taehyung’s neck. The kiss is deep and a little messy, both of them far too focused on rediscovering the taste of each other to care much for finesse.

Their bodies shift closer, thighs pressed together and Taehyung’s other hand rests on Jimin’s chest over his shirt. Jimin thinks that he must be able to feel just how furiously his heart his racing beneath his palm. His head spins. He can’t believe that he’s kissing Taehyung again, that he can feel his skin beneath his fingertips. That Taehyung potentially wants more. But then suddenly he’s pulling away and Jimin’s stomach plummets.

“Wait, wait,” Taehyung mumbles, his lips leaving Jimin’s although his hand stays against his jaw. “I don’t get it. What is it that you want?”

“You,” Jimin answers, quickly, honestly.

Taehyung looks a little bashful and the corners of his lips tug ever so slightly upwards as though he wants to smile, but he doesn’t allow himself. He pulls his expression into something a touch more stern.

“Are you sure?” he asks. “Because you told me pretty explicitly that you didn’t want to do this anymore.”

“I know,” Jimin admits. “I just- I was getting too attached to you.”

“So, what, you got scared?” Taehyung asks. There’s faintest trace of anger in there at the thought of Jimin causing all this hurt over such a thing and his hand drops from Jimin’s cheek.

“Yes,” Jimin says softly. “I thought that you just saw this as fun and my feelings were getting too strong. I didn’t want to ruin things so I- I

backed off. To try and get over you."

"You thought I just saw it just as fun?" Taehyung says, sounding hurt. "How could you? I thought it was obvious how close we'd become."

"You, um- you made some comments about this girl one time, like it was nothing, and- well, I figured that it meant you didn't see us as anything more than just friends," Jimin explains quietly, before adding hopefully. "Was I wrong?"

"Yes, you were fucking wrong," Taehyung says angrily. "I don't even know when on earth this was supposed to have happened but that's beside the point. Why didn't you just *talk* to me?"

"Because I didn't want to you to be freaked out or worse, pity me for having those feelings for you," Jimin tells him. "It could only cause problems for us and I didn't want to lose you."

"And pushing me away made that *less* likely?" Taehyung says incredulously.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Jimin pleads, panicked, suddenly terrified that he's got to this point and somehow fucked it all up. "I should have spoken to you but I just never thought you'd feel the same. You said once that you did this stuff because it was fun-"

"God Jimin, that conversation was *ages* ago. It never occurred to you that I might have developed some feelings for you over that time? A lot of fucking feelings."

"I-" Jimin gapes uselessly before adding softly. "I just assumed that you still saw us as only for fun."

Taehyung's face softens a little and he grabs Jimin's upper arm, shaking him lightly. "Why must you be so insecure?" he says, punctuating each word with a shake of the arm. It's said gently though, not with any harshness. "I'm crazy about you. I always thought that was clear."

Jimin can't quite believe what he's hearing. He can feel his lips curve into a tentative smile, as though still not fully accepting what's happening. Taehyung's fingers find his jaw again, stroking gently along the curve, thumb brushing over Jimin's cheek.

"So what now?" Jimin asks, voice almost dropped to a whisper.

Taehyung waits a moment, breathing in deeply. He doesn't answer, simply asks a question in return. "Do you want to be with me?"

Jimin thinks he's never been asked an easier question. "Yes. So much."

Taehyung closes his eyes, like he's savouring the words, like they're something he's been waiting to hear, and seeing it makes Jimin's chest tighten. Taehyung opens them again, looking straight at Jimin. He swallows heavily, wetting his lips before speaking again.

"If we do this, I want to do it properly," Taehyung tells him. "Be in a relationship. I have to know you want that too. It hurt so badly when you finished things between us like that, I can't-"

"I'm so sorry," Jimin says, hoping that his tone expresses just how genuine his words are. "I want all that. I want you. I'll never hurt you like that again."

Taehyung watches him, his features full of seriousness as he tries to figure out the sincerity of Jimin's words. After a while his face relaxes, a gentle smile on his lips.

"That's a big promise," he says, before leaning in and capturing Jimin's mouth in a slow, tender kiss.

Jimin thinks it's a promise that he never intends to break.

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The sound of someone stirring in the room gradually draws Jimin out of his slumber. It's dark and he can't tell if it's Hoseok or Taehyung. He lays still, enjoying the warmth of the covers but mostly basking in the deep happiness that seems to have seeped into every inch of his being. He thinks back to last night, to staying up until the early hours of the morning with Taehyung, getting utterly lost in long, languid kisses. To Taehyung's body beneath his own, arching into the gentle caresses of his fingers, to his mouth sighing happily against Jimin's lips.

There's a small flicker of light from the hallway as whoever it is leaves the room, disappearing as they close the door behind them. There's then more movement in the room and Jimin feels his bed dip, the covers getting pulled back and a warm body slipping in beside him. He wonders if Taehyung can see his smile in the darkness.

"Good morning," Taehyung says cheerily, though his voice is low and

rumbling from just having woken up. It sends ripples of pleasure along Jimin's spine.

"Morning," Jimin grins back.

Taehyung's arm instantly slides around Jimin's waist, Jimin soon mirroring him. Their bodies press close together, their mouths meeting easily. They kiss for a long time, Jimin completely losing track of how long passes and simply giving in to how incredible everything is. This is perfect and Taehyung's perfect and Jimin's mind is still spinning in disbelief that this is actually happening.

"Not changed your mind overnight then?" Taehyung quips playfully, face still so close that Jimin can feel his breath fluttering against his cheeks as he talks.

"No way," Jimin assures him. "Never letting you go again."

Jimin doesn't even care how corny he sounds, not when Taehyung laughs against his neck like he does and tangles their legs together even more. He truly means it though. Now that Taehyung's in his arms, now he realises how close he was to losing him entirely, he's determined not to make such a mistake again.

They kiss once more, hands slipping under t shirts and exploring old paths, lazily retracing familiar patterns onto each other's skin. When they break apart they're content just to lay there. Taehyung's fingertips trail slowly along Jimin's arm, gaze avidly following his movements. Jimin watches him, drinking in the way Taehyung looks so focused as he does so.

Eventually Jimin feels the need to kiss him again so he leans in, bringing their lips together softly. It doesn't take long for the kiss to deepen, Taehyung pulling Jimin on top of him. They kiss slowly, bodies moving together and Jimin can soon feel himself getting hard. Taehyung's hands travel down to his ass, grabbing firmly.

"Mmm, missed this ass," he grins. One hand slips down between them, palming clumsily over Jimin's crotch through his pajamas. "This too."

Jimin laughs, a little breathless from the touch of Taehyung's hand, and buries his face against Taehyung's shoulder.

"I thought you liked me for my dazzling personality," Jimin teases. Taehyung puts on a expression of deep thought, making a contemplative noise .

"Hmm, yeah I guess that's on the list somewhere," he concedes playfully.

His hand returns to join the other on Jimin's ass, pushing down so that Jimin can fully feel how much Taehyung's enjoying things too. It makes Jimin gasp, not just from the contact but the fact that it's because of him. Taehyung takes the opportunity to slide his tongue back into Jimin's mouth, the kiss a little needier this time.

It feels so good, the way Taehyung arches up into him, the soft little whimpers that get lost in the kiss. The material of their pajamas is thin and his underwear is little better. He can feel the hard outline of Taehyung's cock against his own every time he rocks downwards and it's total bliss. Jimin doesn't care how desperate it might seem grinding against the other like this; he just needs it right now. He's really missed sharing this kind of intimacy with Taehyung.

Jimin can feel his body heating up, breathing heavily into the kiss as their hips continue to rub together. He's ridiculously hard and way too turned on, and he's slightly concerned just how quickly he can feel the pressure building inside of him. It's been so long since he's been with Taehyung; hell, it's been so long since he's even touched himself.

"Tae, you're gonna have to stop," Jimin pants, mixed in with a soft laugh. "I'm gonna come otherwise."

Taehyung just grins up at him and rolls his hips upwards deliberately. He wiggles his eyebrows mischievously. "That's kinda hot."

"Don't you think this should be a bit more- special or something?" Jimin suggests, trying to ignore the way Taehyung's fingers press into the backs of his thighs.

"We've got plenty of time for special," Taehyung tells him. Jimin gets a surge of pride from how Taehyung sounds quite so raspy as he talks. "But right now I have a lot of pent up frustration that needs dealing with. Some guy left me high and dry for *weeks*."

Jimin grins. "He sounds like a complete idiot."

"He is," Taehyung jokes back with an increasingly strained voice. "But he has his charms now and then."

He smiles before drawing Jimin back into another kiss. It's noticeably sloppier this time, more just their mouths pressed openly together and tongues occasionally meeting wetly as their hips grind faster.

Taehyung's breathing grows higher and higher in pitch before a sudden choked cry falls from his lips and his body tenses, fingertips digging almost painfully into Jimin's waist.

"Oh my god," Jimin breathes. "Did you just-"

"Yeah," Taehyung laughs, all breathy and dazed like it's the best thing ever.

Jimin barely has a moment to comprehend what's happened before there's a hand shoved beneath the waistband of his pajamas then his underwear, wrapping eagerly around his cock. The sensation make him moan much louder than he should but he can't help it. Taehyung's fingers are warm and tight and right where Jimin needs them.

It only takes a few strokes, an embarrassingly short amount of time before that pressure builds too much inside of Jimin and he comes over Taehyung's hand, unexpected and intense. It's pure, wonderful pleasure and the way Taehyung lazily mouths at his neck afterwards only adds to it.

Jimin collapses down onto Taehyung, breath coming out in short bursts. He presses his face into Taehyung's shoulder, closing his eyes as he waits for his heart rate to return to something like normal. He feels long arms circling him, keeping him close, and Jimin sinks into the feeling. Jimin's not sure how much time has passed when he hears Taehyung speak.

"I'm really happy."

It's almost whispered, words pressed into his hair and uttered in that easy, carefree way Taehyung does, and Jimin feels like he could burst from the amount of emotions gathering inside of him. He lifts his head up, looking down at Taehyung. The younger smiles back at him, sleepy and soft.

"Me too," Jimin tells him, and Taehyung's smile widens in a way that gets Jimin leaning down to feel it beneath his lips.

It's a while later before they actually get up and begin to get ready. Jimin definitely needs a shower but Taehyung calls it first, and Jimin lets him have it without any protest. On his way out however Taehyung doesn't get much further than opening the door slightly before Jimin's tugging him back into the bedroom, needing one more kiss.

Taehyung takes over and gently presses him up against the wall. His hands raise to rest on Jimin's cheeks, holding him in place as Taehyung licks against Jimin's lips, slipping inside once Jimin parts his mouth. Taehyung sets about slowly taking Jimin to pieces from how he kisses him. It's achingly slow, every lick, every tilt of the head deliberate and tender. Jimin's arms find their way around Taehyung's neck, making sure that he stays close and keeps doing exactly what he's doing. Jimin's kissing back but Taehyung's taking the lead, and Jimin feels as though if his arms weren't anchoring him to Taehyung then he'd completely melt away.

When they break apart Taehyung smiles down at him, and the look he gives is full of such fondness, such affection, that Jimin finds it had to look back. Instead he buries his face into the crook of Taehyung's neck. Taehyung laughs, a short burst that is filled with happiness. It's loud against Jimin. Taehyung's arms envelop him once more and he feels Taehyung's cheek pressed into his hair. Jimin's own arms stay wrapped around Taehyung's shoulders.

He hopes that the shower can wait a few more minutes.

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“Sorry hyung!”

Taehyung laughs as he calls out through the door, getting no response. Jimin wonders whether Yoongi will actually tell Jeongguk about how he picked him in that silly game all those months ago. Jimin shakes his head.

“How you haven’t been murdered yet by Yoongi, I do not know,” Jimin tells him.

“It’s a talent,” Taehyung grins, winking slyly. “Plus it’s a sweet story, I’m sure Kook would love to hear it.”

“We were talking about what members we’d pick to sleep with, just before we had our own threesome,” Jimin sighs. “I’m not sure it’s the *sweetest* story.”

“Aish, always so negative,” Taehyung chides, dismissing Jimin’s comment with a wave of his hand. “Anyway, Hobi-hyung’s in the shower, lets make the most of it.”

He smiles deviously, grabbing Jimin by the wrist and tugging him towards their bedroom. Jimin laughs lightly.

“I still can’t believe Hobi was *your* pick,” Jimin says once they’re safely inside the room.

Taehyung clicks his tongue irritably. “Like you can talk. You chose *Namjoon* of all people."

Jimin shrugs. “He’s got that sexy thing going on when he speaks English.”

Taehyung looks affronted and puts his hands on his hips in a stance of annoyance. “What about when I speak it?”

“Yeah, not so much.”

Jimin tries his best to keep a straight face, especially when Taehyung’s own face is verging on a pout, his expression turned sulky. He struggles not to smile, reaching his hand out and catching his thumb on Taehyung’s lower lip.

“Stop being cute,” Jimin tells him softly.

“Well, I might as well be, seems I’m clearly not *sexy,*” Taehyung huffs dramatically, turning his head to the side when Jimin leans in for a kiss. His lips collide with Taehyung’s cheek instead. He can see the way that the corners of Taehyung’s mouth tug upwards slightly, obviously trying to hold back a smile himself.

“Tae,” Jimin whines quietly. He goes in for another kiss but Taehyung’s twists his face even further away, and Jimin doesn’t fail to catch the way it hides the smile that’s broken out fully on his lips now.

Jimin rests his hands on Taehyung’s waist, rubbing gently over the material of his shirt. He takes advantage of Taehyung’s turned head, letting his mouth travel lazily along the length of Taehyung’s neck, stopping to suck very lightly at the spot just below his ear before whispering against it.

“Maybe *you* don’t need to speak another language to make you sexy.”

He hears Taehyung wet his lips before he turns to face Jimin, looking down at him with eyes sparkling and mouth pulled wide into a smile. His hands fall to rest on Jimin’s hips, thumbs slipping just beneath the waistband of his sweatpants.

“Smooth line,” he concedes.

Jimin leans up and presses his lips to Taehyung's. The kiss is slow and sweet, though once Taehyung's tongue makes it's way into Jimin's mouth it becomes much more heated. Jimin's hands move from his waist, running up over Taehyung's chest to wrap around his neck. Their bodies pull tighter together and Jimin can feel his pulse pounding in his ears as they kiss.

He feels Taehyung sigh into the kiss, inching back only slightly before tilting his head to the other side and claiming Jimin's mouth once more. Jimin arches into him as he feels one of Taehyung's hands reach round to rest on the small of his back. He can't get enough of the smooth, slick slide of Taehyung's tongue against his own, the feel of his body, tall and solid, pressing into him.

The sound of the door handle registers against their ears and they rapidly spring apart, Taehyung stepping towards the bed as Jimin just hovers uselessly in the middle of the room. Hoseok walks in, his hair fluffy from the shower and wearing fresh clothes.

"Shower's free," he tells Jimin with a smile. Jimin nods eagerly, trying to ignore the slightly concerned look that Hoseok gives him from his flustered appearance.

"Thanks hyung," he nods. He quickly grabs a towel and dashes out of the room, not even bothering to take a change of clothes.

He knows it's only been a matter of hours since they were intimate this morning but his body isn't reacting rationally right now, the kiss making him far too hot and wound up. He tries not to think about it too much as he leans back against the cool tiles of the shower once he's under the spray, his hand dropping to wrap around himself as his mind fills with thoughts of Taehyung.

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Taehyung's hair is soft between his fingers, Jimin's eyes occasionally dropping from the television to briefly watch the way that the strands fall between the gaps. Taehyung's head is comforting on his lap as they chat idly with some of the other members. Taehyung's body is stretched out lengthways along the couch, feet hanging over the edge as he listens to Seokjin's story from his short stint on the show he filmed abroad recently.

Jimin himself feels about ready to drift off, the day having been long and tiring. The smooth stroke of his fingers through Taehyung's hair only serves to add to the drowsiness he's feeling, the slow, repetitive

action lulling him further towards sleep.

He’s almost dropped off, head hanging low, when the front door closes and the noise makes him blink his eyes open, pretending as though he’s been wide awake the whole time. Yoongi shuffles into the lounge, his eyes hooded. He looks absolutely worn out, the long hours at the studio in addition to the rehearsals and filming they’ve been doing lately clearly taking its toll.

He mumbles a greeting and they all murmur one back. Jimin doesn’t fail to notice the way that Jeongguk’s expression suddenly looks a little more lively when he catches sight of the elder. He shifts up on the couch to make space for Yoongi, who immediately flops down into the newly created spot. Seokjin continues his story as Yoongi gives Jeongguk a sleepy smile and plants a soft kiss on his cheek.

It's only a small action but it's enough to get Seokjin stumbling over his words and Namjoon looking flustered, the two of them still clearly unused to seeing the pair acting like a couple. Yoongi tilts his head back against the couch, closing his eyes, apparently unaware that he's done anything out of the ordinary. Jeongguk however looks a mixture of pleased and bashful.

Jimin often feels a little bad for them. The way that himself and Taehyung are sitting right now is a lot more intimate, despite the fact that they decided to keep their relationship secret for the time being. It's just accepted because, well, it's Jimin and Taehyung; they'e always been tactile like this. For Yoongi and Jeongguk however, the smallest interactions seem to draw them a lot of attention.

Seokjin carries on talking and Jimin looks down at Taehyung, watches the way his fingers glide through his hair so easily. He knows they decided that night they confessed their feelings that they were both more comfortable with getting used to be in a couple before announcing it to the other members. Jimin can't help but wonder, however, what they will think when they do decide to tell them. Whether any of them will react badly or whether they will be as accepting as they have been with Yoongi and Jeongguk.

Jimin's more than happy to leave finding that out to another day.

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Jimin sometimes thinks that he could listen to Taehyung talk for hours and he'd be perfectly content. Taehyung's laying stretched out on his bed and staring up at the ceiling as he tells Jimin all about some new

anime he was watching the other, giving a summary of what happened and his own rather obscure interpretation, which Jimin finds much more interesting. He talks softly, the deep, rolling timbre of his voice almost melodic to Jimin's ears.

Jimin can't really help himself. He gets out of his own bed, climbing in next to Taehyung instead. Taehyung turns himself onto his side and his smile is so warm and so happy, just from Jimin's closer proximity, and it gives Jimin that feeling like his stomach is flip-flopping all over the place. Taehyung's eyes sparkle and if Jimin thought he was falling in love with Taehyung before they became a couple, then he's certain that he's totally fallen by now.

Jimin peppers Taehyung's face with light, little kisses and he sometimes makes himself cringe with just how awfully cutesy he can be but, well, it's pretty fucking hard not to be with someone like Taehyung as his boyfriend. He quite simply adores him. Taehyung just laughs sweetly, pressing his own kiss to the tip of Jimin's nose. Jimin thinks that they truly have no grounds to tease Yoongi and Jeongguk like they do over their displays of affection; himself and Taehyung really can be downright sickening.

"You make me so happy," Taehyung sighs fondly and Jimin blushes from the comment. It's something he's voiced a lot over the last few weeks and it makes Jimin's chest clench in the best possible way to hear it, no matter if it's the first or the tenth time.

Jimin's realised more and more how much he needs to be with someone like Taehyung. Jimin knows that he doubts himself near constantly, whether in his personal or professional life. Knows that he worries how other people view him or how he may affect them. He knows how well he responds to affection, how a small bit of attention can brighten him up, and conversely how terribly low he can get when he feels an emotional distance from others.

Despite knowing all this about himself, Jimin also knows that he can be quiet, can isolate himself, and that he would never actually voice such things. Taehyung however just seems to understand him. Always has done, even when they were still just friends. Taehyung is never shy about showing affection, about giving compliments, about making sure that Jimin constantly feels safe and reassured. And yet it never seems forced, it always feels genuine. Jimin could never function with someone like Yoongi or Jeongguk, who seem so awkward about being open with their feelings.

"Tae," Jimin chides lightly, as though embarrassed by the comment even though he clearly loves hearing it. Taehyung grins wildly, a somewhat mischievous glint in his eyes.

"It's true," he says, poking Jimin in the side. "You're like my sweet little ball of sunshine, brightening my day."

He's being deliberately over the top and cheesy, trying to make Jimin laugh. He pokes Jimin again in the side and grins even wider, but despite his playful teasing there's always a note of sincerity, and it warms Jimin deeply.

"Shut up," he laughs, flicking Taehyung lightly on the shoulder.

There's a few moments of quiet while Taehyung just keeps smiling at him and Jimin finds himself having to look away, the honest and deep affection in his gaze making Jimin feel too many things at once.

"You make me really happy too," he says softly.

Because as much as Taehyung seems pretty much perfect for him, Jimin knows that Taehyung has his own needs too. That like Jimin, he can sometimes keep giving without ever taking for himself. That as much as he gives affection freely, he desires to have it returned too. That although he'll never show it, when his comments or actions are made fun of for being a little weird, or when they're outright rejected, that he truly takes it to heart.

Jimin looks up and he gets only a brief glimpse of a blinding smile before Taehyung presses his lips to Jimin's and all Jimin can do is kiss him back.

*

All he wanted was a glass of water.

Jimin stands at the bottom of the staircase, eyes immediately drawn to the scene in the lounge. It's not like he's *trying* to watch but, well, when two people are unexpectedly having sex on a couch in the early hours of the morning, it's impossible to not have your gaze drawn to it.

He feels distinctly creepy hovering by the doorway like he currently is but thankfully Yoongi and Jeongguk seem far too focused on each other to even notice his presence. It's kind of weird to see; or more accurately, it's weird that it *is* now weird. It was only earlier this year

that this scene would have been happily played out in front of Jimin with no issues at all, with the explicit invitation for him to join in the fun too if he so wished.

Yet despite the amount of sexual scenarios he's seen the pair of them in - hell, once upon a time *he* was the one being fucked by Yoongi - it now feels incredibly wrong to see it. The thought of him doing anything like this with them now - or, oh god, *Taehyung* doing anything with them - seems inconceivable.

Jeongguk's eyes are closed as Yoongi mouths along his neck. Their hands are entwined as Yoongi fucks him slowly, and Jimin can tell even from this brief glimpse just how much more emotionally connected the two of them are. It was always clear that there was something far deeper between the pair and he'd have to be blind to miss it now.

Jimin glances over at the entrance to the kitchen. The sound of his feet on the tiles, the noise from turning on the tap, the clink of his glass in the sink. Something would make his presence known and he really doesn't want to disturb them, and he certainly doesn't want them to know that he's accidentally stumbled across them in the middle of *this*.

Jimin looks forlornly down at the empty glass in his hand and, with a silent sigh, turns around and walks quietly back upstairs.

*

"No way."

"Oh come on, Jiminie, I'll be more careful."

"How neither of us ended up with major injuries last time I do not know," Jimin huffs. "No."

"Look, we don't have to do anything *dangerous*." Taehyung does air quotes as he speaks the last word, as though he doesn't see the risk of slipping over in a shower and breaking your back as particularly concerning. He drops his voice into something tender, more plaintive. "I just want to be alone with you."

He knows full well what he's doing and he also knows full well that Jimin will be unable to resist, especially when Taehyung looks at him through his eyelashes like that.

And so that's how Jimin finds himself wincing on the floor of the shower a short while later, rubbing at his ass where he's fallen on it. Taehyung kneels in front of him, looking worried but punctuating his anxiety with laughter at what Jimin's sure was quite a comical sight of him falling over whilst trying to slide inside of Taehyung.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Taehyung asks again through his chuckling.

"Yes, I'm fine," he answers, trying to look immensely annoyed but instead finding himself laughing too. "I'm just gonna stay down here. It's safer."

Jimin shifts so that his back is against the door of shower, moving himself from under the relentless warm spray of the water. It hits Taehyung's back instead. Jimin takes a moment to appreciate the sight of Taehyung now that he's not preoccupied with the sexual gymnastics of a few moments ago. How people enjoy sex in the shower without injury, he does not know.

Taehyung's hair is soaked, sticking to his forehead. Water runs along his shoulders, trickling down the length of his arms. His face is bare and damp and his lips are wet with water from the spray, and god, Jimin's so lucky. He immediately forgives Taehyung for the risk of hospitalisation.

Taehyung's brow furrows a little, reaching down and lightly wrapping his fingers around Jimin's cock. It makes Jimin gasp quietly at the feeling. He's flagged a little from the shock of falling over but the smooth, wet slide of Taehyung's fingers soon brings him back to full hardness.

"We can stay down here together," Taehyung mumbles and Jimin doesn't entirely pick up what he's saying until Taehyung grabs the bottle of lube that's rolled across the floor.

He coats Jimin generously with it again before kneeling up and positioning himself over Jimin's lap. Jimin's hands instinctively hold onto his hips, helping to guide Taehyung as he slowly - tantalisingly, *achingly* slowly - sinks down onto him. Jimin's head falls back against the shower door, colliding a little too hard but he doesn't even care.

It's the first time he's been inside of Taehyung like this for so long and fuck, it's just as incredible as he remembers it. Taehyung's legs wrap around Jimin's waist and he puts one arm out behind him to lean on.

Jimin's hands rub along Taehyung's sides, moving easily through the droplets of water.

"Christ, Tae," Jimin mutters, the heat and the tightness of being back inside of him verging on overwhelming.

Taehyung's own eyes are scrunched closed, apparently also needing to take a moment to get used to this feeling again, and seeing it just does things to Jimin. He tentatively lifts his hips a little, ignoring the sharp sting that it causes from the bruise that is no doubt now forming on his ass.

Taehyung lets out a soft, breathy sigh at the action and any discomfort is completely brushed aside because suddenly all Jimin can focus on is producing more sounds like that in Taehyung. He tries to keep it slow, because Jimin feels it's maybe somehow more special or meaningful like that, but he can't. He needs Taehyung like nothing else, and from the way Taehyung brings his hips crashing down onto Jimin, it seems like he's being driven by pure need too.

A litany of quiet, moaned words spill from Taehyung's lips, Jimin's name mixed in amongst the descriptions of just *how* good Jimin makes him feel, and Jimin's head is spinning from it all. His fingertips scrabble to hold onto to Taehyung's hips but they somehow manage to, keeping up the fast rhythm that they quickly settle into as Jimin thrusts up into him.

At some point Taehyung tries to bring himself forward a little so that their mouths can meet. It changes the angle slightly and any kissing is delayed as both of their jaws go slack at the new, deeper sensation. Jimin swallows hard, the humid air and the whispered words and the way Taehyung rides him, hard and desperate, making it difficult to remember to breathe.

Eventually Taehyung's mouth finds his own, their tongues meeting somewhat messily as they kiss eagerly. Jimin can taste the water from the shower running between their lips and joining the much more familiar taste of Taehyung as he explores that wonderful, wet heat. One of Jimin's hands leaves Taehyung's hip, starting to stroke Taehyung's cock in between their bodies.

Kissing soon becomes too much and Jimin instead loses himself in the way their foreheads press damply together, the way he can feel Taehyung breathe Jimin's name against his cheek, getting gradually higher in pitch and more slurred before he feels Taehyung's body

trembling, then tightening, as he comes with a low, guttural groan that makes the heat tighten almost unbearably in Jimin's lap.

"God, I love you, Jimin."

Taehyung's words are breathed into the shell of Jimin's ear, hot against his skin as Taehyung's body goes heavy and limp, and it's enough to send Jimin plummeting over the edge. He has to bite down hard on his lip to stop himself moaning Taehyung's name too loudly as he comes deep inside of him, wave after wave of pleasure flooding his exhausted body.

He should probably ask, Jimin thinks. Once they've both recovered and their minds are thinking more clearly, he knows that he definitely should. When they're drying themselves off and Taehyung's rubbing at his hair vigorously, laughing at his reflection in the mirror when the strands stick up at wild angles. He should ask now; ask if Taehyung meant those words, or whether they just slipped out by mistake, a phrase only formed with the haziness that those wonderful moments post-orgasm brings.

But Taehyung catches him staring and decides to whip him with his towel, and any intentions of asking quickly disappear.

*

"Did you mean what you said the other day?"

Taehyung yawns lazily, shifting next to Jimin on the bed. Jimin glances at him as he stretches out and immediately feels bad; it seems like Taehyung might have actually drifted off to sleep just then and moments for rest are pretty hard to come by at the moment. Taehyung doesn't chide Jimin for waking him up though.

"You're gonna have to be more specific," he mumbles, slinging an arm over Jimin's chest and tucking himself into his side, face pressed into Jimin's shoulder. "I say a lot of things. Most of it very wise."

Jimin chuckles lightly and wets his lips, suddenly a little nervous. Should he bring this up? The words probably slipped out because Taehyung loved the sex or something, not that he is actually *in love* with Jimin. He kind of has to know though. He takes a deep, steadying breath.

"You know- that time in the shower."

"What, about how much of a genius I was for suggesting shower sex-"

"No," Jimin interrupts him. He swallows thickly. "When you said- well, *you know*."

Taehyung sighs and lifts his head up. He looks sleepy and his hair is messy, and there's a slightly disgruntled expression on his face. Jimin almost loses his train of thought.

"Wow, feel like being a bit more specific?" he asks dryly.

"You said you loved me," Jimin blurts out, speaking so fast that the words almost merge together.

Taehyung blinks a few times and Jimin isn't entirely sure if he's understood. The words float pressingly in the air between them and the silence seems to stretch on endlessly. Taehyung looks at him as though waiting for more.

"Yeah?" he eventually says. He drags out the word, as though he's getting fed up with waiting for Jimin to get to the actual question. Jimin's so confused about why Taehyung's being so blase about it. "Is there a point to this?"

"It's the first time you said it!" Jimin exclaims.

Taehyung shrugs lightly and Jimin feels ready to explode or implode or he doesn't even know. Taehyung settles back down against his shoulder as though the conversation's already drawn to a close.

"Well yeah, I guess," Taehyung agrees. "But I mean, you already *knew*."

"What!" Jimin says, really wishing that his exclamation didn't come out quite so squeaky. "No I didn't!"

"Oh," Taehyung replies. There's a pause and then he's suddenly propping himself up onto his elbow, looking down at Jimin before repeating himself with a tone of newfound understanding. "*Oh*."

"Why would you think I already knew?" Jimin asks, utterly bewildered.

"Well, I just assumed it was kind of obvious."

Jimin shakes his head. Taehyung looks so sincere and genuine that Jimin can't be mad at him; he can never really be mad at him. It's a worrying sign.

"Okay, I thought we'd agreed that we were going to stop assuming things like this," Jimin reminds him.

They'd spoken about that very fact the night that they decided to be in a relationship. It seemed a prudent point to make given the unnecessary issues that their assumptions had caused previously, almost driving them apart completely. As much as Jimin hated the fact that he had actually taken relationship advice from Jeongguk, the younger was right; communication was important. Not that Jimin felt that Jeongguk ever really took his own advice, despite how willing he may be to dish it out to others.

"Sorry," Taehyung flushes, a gentle, embarrassed smile playing on his lips. "I just thought this one was so obvious."

"Right, from now on assume that nothing is obvious to me," Jimin grins.

Taehyung grins back, not missing a beat. "I thought we weren't meant to assume anything."

Jimin groans and buries his face against Taehyung's collarbone, feeling the rumble of laughter in Taehyung's chest as he does so. He sighs, loud and exaggerated.

"Fine then, just to be completely clear- I love you Park Jimin, you oblivious idiot."

He feels Taehyung's fingers against his jaw, prising Jimin away from his chest and tilting Jimin's head up so that they can look at each other. Taehyung smiles, wide and bright, but full of utter fondness. He leans down and brings their lips together, a tender press that somehow seems to confirm his declaration. Jimin's entire body feels like it's buzzing, filled with nothing but warmth from Taehyung's words.

There's a bustle of commotion from outside, footsteps running up the staircase followed by an urgent knock at the bedroom door.

"Hyung, are you ready?" Jeongguk calls through.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming," Jimin sighs. He'd totally forgotten that he has another dance practice with Jeongguk and Hoseok this evening. He really doesn't want to leave and Taehyung seems to sense it too, drawing him in for one more far-too-short kiss before lightly shoving him off the bed.

"Have fun."

"Thanks," Jimin grumbles, taking his time about standing up and stretching. That is, until Hoseok starts yelling from downstairs and he realises that he should probably hurry. He swoops down to steal one more kiss, Taehyung laughing softly into it and attempting to shove him away again.

It's only once he's almost downstairs, still on a high from Taehyung's admission, that it strikes Jimin that he never actually said anything in return. It makes his chest clench at the thought of Taehyung possibly thinking that his love is one-sided, though it tightens even more to realise that Taehyung didn't push him in the slightest to say anything back. To realise that he seemed genuinely pleased by how happy it made Jimin to hear and that fact was enough for him.

"Sorry, I forgot something," Jimin mutters, avoiding the death glare that is thrown his way by Hoseok who lingers by the front door.

Jimin speeds back up the stairs, crashing into their bedroom and startling Taehyung who immediately looks panicked by his sudden return. His eyes go wide as his gaze quickly travels over Jimin.

"Is everything-" he starts to ask, but Jimin cuts him off.

"I love you too," Jimin tells him urgently.

There's a moment of blankness as Taehyung blinks, processing the sudden statement. And Jimin couldn't really care less about Hoseok calling from downstairs to tell him to hurry up, or Yoongi's loud complaining that there's too much noise in the house, because Taehyung's face breaks out into an expression of such pure happiness that for a few seconds there's nothing else that Jimin can comprehend other than Taehyung's smile, Taehyung's laugh, and finally Taehyung's kiss.

*

“What are you doing?”

Taehyung draws his head back in from where he's currently hanging out of their bedroom window. He smiles sheepishly, closing the window behind him as he turns to face Jimin.

“I was just watching Kookie get in the taxi,” he admits. He walks over to his bed and flops down onto it. “I can’t believe Yoongi-hyung’s

actually taking him out on a date."

"I know," Jimin chuckles. "I'm starting to think that he's been replaced with some sort of romance robot."

Taehyung quirks up an eyebrow at his statement. "Romance robot?"

Jimin shrugs it off, collapsing back onto his own bed. "That could be a thing."

Taehyung makes a contemplative noise of agreement and something about it makes Jimin think that Taehyung's currently trying to imagine what exactly that creation would look like. Neither of them say anything for a while, letting the room fill with the low sound of the ceiling fan.

"I think Kook's really excited," Taehyung states. "Even if he pretends he isn't."

"He is," Jimin agrees. "Though good luck ever getting him to admit that."

Taehyung rolls over onto his stomach, looking over at Jimin with a wide smile. "Do you remember how fun it used to be getting ready for a date?"

Jimin doesn't answer straight away. He doesn't really have much experience of it. He used to hang out at the shopping mall a lot with a guy from school when he was a teenager, though it might be pushing it to call those dates – especially given that he never actually plucked up the courage to tell the guy that he had a massive crush on him.

In terms of actual dates there had only been a few but the build ups to those were always fraught with fear and anxiety given that they were with girls. The thought that they might try to hold his hand or worse, *kiss him* on the date had been a constant terror and by the time Jimin turned up to meet them, clutching a flower in a sweaty palm, the girls had often worried that he had some sort of fever. Looking back, he probably should have realised that he was gay much sooner than he did.

"Yeah," Jimin agrees noncommittally. "Fun."

Taehyung smiles and presses his lips together, apparently remembering some dates from his youth. It makes Jimin squirm a

little to see it. He wonders, not for the first time, what Taehyung's past relationships have been like – and more importantly, who with. He mentioned previously that did things with people because it was fun, gender apparently not being a major issue, but that's about the limit of Jimin's knowledge.

"Tae," he starts off cautiously, wavering a little when Taehyung instantly focuses all of his attention onto him. "Have you had many relationships before?"

Taehyung blinks and scrunches his face up as he thinks.

"I mean, I had a few girlfriends during high school," he says. "Not at the same time, of course. I'm very loyal."

He grins and winks with his clarification. It makes Jimin feel a bit weird to think about Taehyung being with girls. He knows it shouldn't bother him though; he'd expect Taehyung to respect his sexuality and Jimin should afford the same respect to him.

"Have you, um, had a boyfriend before?" Jimin asks.

Taehyung's grin softens into a sweeter smile, and he shakes his head. "Nope. Just you."

"Oh," Jimin says, a little pleased. He's still kind of curious and Taehyung seems more than happy to answer his questions, so he asks another. "Have you slept with many other guys though?"

His easy confidence in the bedroom always seemed to imply to Jimin that he had plenty of experience, even more than Jimin perhaps. Though it's hard to tell sometimes with Taehyung how much is simply down to the enthusiastic way he approaches things in life, not held back by so much self doubt like Jimin can be.

"Only the one," Taehyung smiles.

Something clicks in Jimin's brain and with an unpleasant swoop in his stomach he realises what Taehyung's just told him. What the fuck, his first time with a guy was with *Yoongi*?

"Oh my god," Jimin mumbles.

"Hey!" Taehyung laughs. "I was much more about the ladies back then. Sorry if I wasn't sleeping with all the dudes."

“No, no,” Jimin says, Taehyung clearly thinking that his low number of sexual encounters is a point of derision for Jimin. “It’s just- Yoongi was the first guy you slept with. I just-“

“No,” Taehyung interrupts, still laughing. “I thought you meant before you know, all *this* stuff.” His hands motion in large circles, and Jimin assumes he means before he became an idol.

“Oh, okay,” Jimin chuckles.

“It was a guy from my school. I was staying over at his house playing Halo one night and I think he was feeling a bit, uh, excited. He asked if I’d be up for trying some stuff together and I thought, well, why not? Teenage hormones and all that.”

Why not. God, it’s so fucking Taehyung, and Jimin kind of wants to both kill him and kiss him for it. It took Jimin years of confusion and worry and a shared bottle of stolen Soju to even work up enough nerve to kiss a guy for the first time. And Taehyung just breezed so casually into sexual encounters with a guy with a simple *why not*.

“Let me tell you, Halo certainly took a backseat during our sleepovers after that.”

Taehyung wiggles his eyebrows suggestively and it’s so ridiculous that it makes Jimin cover his face with his hands, groaning loudly.

"Oh god," Jimin laughs. Taehyung just laughs with him.

An easy silence settles over the room, the steady pulse of the fan the only noise cutting through. Taehyung eventually breaks the quiet.

"What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Any past relationships ?" Taehyung asks. "Or more specifically, any crazy ex-boyfriends I should know about?"

"No, you're pretty safe," Jimin assures him with a smile. He shrugs lightly, picking at a thread on his bed covers. "You're sort of my first boyfriend as well."

Taehyung grins and he seems so proud of that fact and not at all judgemental, and it makes Jimin beyond happy to see it. He notes that Taehyung doesn't ask about any ex-girlfriends and Jimin thinks

Taehyung understands that it would be a pointless question. As much as some people may dismiss Taehyung as a bit ditzy, Jimin knows that he's one of the most observant members, especially when it comes to people.

"Cool," Taehyung says. "Gonna make sure I'm the only one you have, too."

And Jimin can't really be to blame for the way his heart feels like it's leapt out of his chest into the fucking stratosphere. Not with the way Taehyung says such things so naturally, nor with the way he now makes embarrassing finger guns at him, and certainly not with the way he smiles at Jimin, warm and so genuine.

He truly hopes that Taehyung means it.

*

Taehyung:

hey sunshine

arrived all ok

everyone says hi

even soonshim

send me loads of pics from Busan

and say hi to your family

Taehyung's stream of messages are followed up with what can only be described as a bombardment of photos. The family house, the dog, some unknown relatives. It's a bit insane but it makes Jimin smile, bringing him a rare bit of cheer today.

Jimin can't believe that this cold has come out of nowhere this afternoon. He knows that Jeongguk suggested that he should still visit home anyway, but he really doesn't want to make this any worse. He couldn't bear it if he ruined the start of the tour simply because he hadn't rested up enough when he was ill. His family were sad of course when he called to tell them but they seemed to understand.

Jimin rereads the messages, still smiling, even despite the nickname that Taehyung has now given him. Mainly, it seems, because Jimin finds it incredibly embarrassing and therefore Taehyung finds it

incredibly funny. He looks over the photos properly this time. He'd been receiving a steady flow of messages and photos from the train journey earlier today too. Yoongi looked distinctly unimpressed in the pictures, no doubt from being pestered by Taehyung whilst experiencing a bad hangover. Though in fairness, Yoongi would probably look unimpressed regardless.

It's the first time they've really been apart since Taehyung went to Japan with Jeongguk all those months ago, and certainly their first time since they've been in a relationship. Jimin can't quite tell if he feels it more this time because they're even closer or because he's been forced to miss out on his own trip. Either way, he knows that he definitely notices his absence a great deal.

Jimin:

glad you're having a good time

hi to all your family too

I didn't actually make it home

but you can say hi to my parents when they come up for the show

Jimin purses his lips a little as he thinks about his parents visiting Seoul soon to see the opening night show. They've met Taehyung a few times before while attending their shows and they seem to adore him. Though that's pretty much everyone's reaction to Taehyung. Jimin's met his family too; they all seemed to like him, although they are all so ridiculously friendly he can't really imagine them disliking anyone. He wonders what they would all think if they knew about him and Taehyung. Would they still feel the same way?

Taehyung:

what

why didn't you go

what happened

are you ok

???

Jimin:

I'm fine don't worry

I'm just feeling a bit unwell so didn't want to make it worse by travelling

Taehyung:

:(:(

should I come back?

Jimin:

honestly I'm fine

I just need to rest up

Taehyung:

can I call you tonight at least?

Jimin:

sure

that would be nice

Taehyung:

ok

look forward to it

I've got to go

but if you need anything text me

Jimin's not exactly sure what Taehyung thinks he'll be able to do all the way from Daegu, but the thought is sweet and he doesn't want to admit just how much he looks forward to the call later.

Jimin spends most of the rest of the day in bed, feeling a little sorry for himself if he's honest. To get a day off is rare, to get three days off is something approaching mythical status, and yet here he is wasting it in bed. Namjoon pops his head around the door on his way out to visit friends, checking whether Jimin needs anything from the pharmacy. He requests some cold medicine which is duly noted. Jeongguk comes in once or twice, hovering uselessly near the door as

though he feels he should check on Jimin but isn't really sure how to help when he does.

Jimin occasionally drifts off to sleep but it's fitful and he keeps getting woken up by the fact that he can't seem to breathe through his nose. He's feeling massively fed up. His mood darkens when he finally dozes off yet is interrupted by the buzzing of his phone. He's ready to throw it to the floor when he realises that it's Taehyung calling and- oh god, why is he *video* calling?

Jimin rapidly runs a hand through his hair trying to smooth it down. He rubs at his nose, checking that there's no tissue stuck there and tries to blink his eyes to open them a little wider. He eventually answers the call but it's clear that his efforts have been futile; he still looks fucking rough.

"Jiminie," Taehyung smiles as his face fills up the screen of Jimin's phone. God, he looks completely gorgeous and Jimin suddenly feels even more gross than before. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay," Jimin tells him, though he sounds so nasally as he does that Taehyung looks pretty concerned.

"Are you sure?" Taehyung's brow furrows as he peers at the screen of his phone. "You don't sound great."

"I sound worse than I feel," Jimin lies, and Taehyung still looks suspicious. "How's Daegu?"

Luckily the change in conversation seems to distract Taehyung enough from questioning Jimin too deeply about his sickness. He chatters away about the relatives he's caught up with today, about updates from the family, and of course about Soonshim.

Taehyung's midway through telling Jimin about his dinner - apparently making sure to leave no detail of his day out - when his eyes suddenly widen at something behind his phone. He raises his free hand, looking full of fear and panic. Jimin almost worries before he hears him speak.

"No, no," he yelps. "I surrender."

Jimin doesn't see much more because a small boy near enough flings himself right at Taehyung, barrelling into his chest and waving a toy gun aloft. Taehyung somehow manages to keep hold of the phone although Jimin is now treated to a view of the ceiling as Taehyung

acts out a dramatic death off camera. Jimin smiles to himself, waiting patiently until the boy's face suddenly looms into shot.

"Who's that?"

"I can't answer, I'm dead," Taehyung reminds him, and the boy giggles. "Unless you can bring me back to life."

The boy mumbles some nonsense words and this apparently restores life to Taehyung as Jimin soon sees his face again, hair looking a bit wilder than it did before.

"Thank you kind Sir," Taehyung tells him solemnly, bowing his head multiple times and it sets the boy off into another fit of giggles. Jimin feels a bit out of the loop but he doesn't mind just sitting and watching. He knows that Taehyung adores kids and he's not about to interrupt, especially when it seems to be a family member he's playing with.

"Who's that?" the boy asks again curiously, pointing at Taehyung's phone.

"That's Jimin," Taehyung tells him. The boy keeps staring. "Well, aren't you going to say hello?"

"Hello," he says shyly. "I'm Kim Minjun and I'm five years old. It's very nice to meet you."

He bows his head a little and looks nervously at Taehyung. He's obviously been taught how to introduce himself politely to new people and he seems keen to check with Taehyung if he's done it right.

"Very nice to meet you too, Minjun," Jimin tells him.

Minjun seems to find this a bit too much and suddenly darts behind Taehyung, clinging onto his arm as he peers at Jimin from over his shoulder.

"Hang on, a minute ago you were killing me, now you've gone all shy?" Taehyung teases gently.

Minjun laughs nervously and decides that his best option is to shove his face into Taehyung's back and hide. He is only five, so Jimin supposes that rationality isn't really a strong point. Taehyung looks fondly at him before shrugging and continuing his conversation with Jimin.

Eventually Minjun seems to get a bit bored of listening to Taehyung recount his day and at some point gets up to leave, Taehyung's eyes affectionately following him out of the room. It makes Jimin feel oddly warm to see how kind, how caring Taehyung is to his family.

"Tae," Jimin asks tentatively when there's a lull in the chat. "Will you tell your family about us?"

"What, now?"

"No, not now," Jimin clarifies quickly. "I mean, like, in the future."

"Of course," he smiles. "They're my family."

"Yeah but- aren't you worried what they'll think about you having, well- a boyfriend?"

"I hope they'd just be happy that I'm happy," Taehyung replies.

His answer is so obvious sounding that it could come across a little brusque, a little too simplistic. But Jimin knows that Taehyung truly believes what he's saying. Jimin hopes that he's right.

"Will you tell yours?" Taehyung asks, looking so open, so warm, and Jimin can't really imagine keeping Taehyung a secret for too long.

"Yes," Jimin tells him honestly.

"Cool," Taehyung nods, before laughing lightly.

They chat for a long time, Taehyung mostly doing the talking as Jimin listens but he really doesn't mind. His eyes eventually start getting heavy and Taehyung then decides that Jimin needs to rest up. As much as he doesn't want to go, Jimin kind of agrees. His head is starting to hurt and he's getting a severe scratch in his throat as he speaks.

"So I hope you don't mind but I'll be sending you a thousand more messages tomorrow," Taehyung tells him, voice deadly serious.

"I look forward to it," Jimin tells him.

"Such a liar," Taehyung laughs. "Anyway, get some rest," he adds, as though he's not the one who's been keeping Jimin awake talking on the phone for the last hour or so.

"Will do. Night Tae. Thanks for calling."

"Night gorgeous. Speak to you tomorrow."

Jimin pauses a moment, wondering if he should sign off with an *'I love you*' but he kind of feels that they don't need to say it all the time. It's implicit, understood even when left unspoken. He smiles softly, receiving a wide grin in response.

"I can't wait."

End Notes

Thanks to everyone who continues to read and enjoy this series. It really means a great deal that people are invested in vmin despite them not being the focus of the series. I had fun writing them again and I hope you enjoyed reading :)

As always, comments are truly appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!